



" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
 " We blend instruction with delight."

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### ORIGINAL TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

To Miss Elizabeth M. Goodwin, Worcester, Mass. the writer of the following tale, the committee awarded the second premium, a set of the Repository elegantly bound and gilt.

#### THE WATCH.

" Who is that tall, fine-looking young man ?" was a question that many asked and none could answer, in the large and populous village of W. All that was known of the young man in question, was that Brown, the printer, said that he had come to him, requesting employment, calling himself Henry Stewart ; and that as he appeared to be a very honest and steady young man, he had taken him, first as journeyman and afterwards corrector of the press, and that he found him to be very industrious and well-behaved, though rather melancholy and absent at times. This account was far from satisfying the curiosity of the good people of W. Stewart was evidently accustomed to a higher station than that which he now occupied—the expression of his countenance betokened deep feelings and a lofty and refined mind and the gossips of the village all employed themselves in forming conjectures to account for his becoming a printer. They were, however, all far from the truth—which was as follows :

Henry Stewart was the eldest son of a pious, but indigent clergyman in the western part of Massachusetts. Next door to him lived a very wealthy East India merchant who had returned to his own clime with an infant daughter, after his wife and all his other children had fallen victims to that of the East. As Mr. Fitzalan was tired of the great world, he chose the small and retired village of A. as his residence for the remainder of his days ; and as Mr. Stewart's family was the only one in it possessed of any refinement, he formed an intimate acquaintance with him. Of course, the children were much together, and the sweet little Julia Fitzalan became a great favourite

with Henry Stewart, and though there was a difference of four years in their ages, they were almost inseparable companions. This intercourse continued, affording almost uninterrupted happiness to the young people, till Henry, at the age of twenty, found himself *in love* with his charming neighbour, and she, about the same time, made the same discovery with regard to herself. After a course of mutual rapture, jealousy, hope and despair, such as may be found described in any novel, Henry summoned up all his resolution and made his " fair tormentress " an offer of his hand. She accepted it with delight, upon condition that her father's consent could be obtained.

Mr. Fitzalan's principal fault was an inordinate regard for wealth, and consequently, when Henry made the request on which he thought the happiness of his life depended, the old gentleman answered him after some deliberation that " it was not fitting that such an heiress as his daughter would probably be, should marry a man of no property."

" Is that your only objection ?" said Henry, " should I acquire a fortune, do you promise to bestow on me that treasure, greater than all the wealth of the Indies, your daughter ?"

" Yes," replied Mr. Fitzalan, " if, by any remarkable concurrence of events, you should become possessed of a fortune adequate to Julia's, while you both continue to desire it, I promise to make no objection to your union ; but so remote and improbable are the chances, (or rather possibilities) of your acquiring wealth, before you are on the decline of life, that I advise you to make yourself happy with some girl nearer your own level."

" Never," cried Henry, " can I be happy without the hope of Julia, and I trust that my unwearied exertions will enable me to obtain her. All that is in the power of man to do, will be done by me, for surely, a man never had such a prize before him." Henry was one of those who think they can do whatever they wish. Fixing his eyes on the goal, he overlooked every intervening obstacle. He found

it rather difficult, however, to inspire Julia with the sanguine hopes which he cherished.

Henry was considerably perplexed in the choice of a business; particularly, as his father (after a conversation with Mr. Fitzalan) had left it entirely to him. He had heard of a very wealthy old gentleman in the neighbouring town of W. who had been a printer, in early life. He did not know, or did not consider, perhaps, that this man owned one of the first printing-presses used in New-England, which it would be impossible for him to do. Be that as it may, he was soon established in the office of Mr. Brown in W.

Julia's absence made a void in his heart, which he found could best be filled by close application to his business; and he took care not to let his mind be so much engrossed by thoughts of her, that he did not attend to what he was doing. In short, his master was so well pleased with his behaviour, as well as the marks of a superior intellect which he discovered in him, that on a vacancy in the office of corrector of the press, he promoted Stewart to it although it had been applied for, by another of the journeymen, possessed of considerable talents and a good education. This man, whose name was Smith, had a bad heart and an envious disposition and he determined to be revenged on his successful rival. With this view, he was continually giving him petty insults and little affronts. This inspired Henry with no feeling but contemptuous indifference: and Smith, finding all his efforts to draw Henry into a quarrel, unavailing, laid a deeper plan of revenge.

Henry was, one morning, surprised by a sheriff arresting him for larceny. He was hurried to his room in the boarding house, where he saw Smith, a number of other men, and a magistrate standing near his open trunk with a watch in his hand. Henry inquired the meaning of this, and the magistrate briefly informed him that Smith having missed his watch from his own room, had obtained a search-warrant and found it in his trunk, and then sternly demanded how it came there? Henry's dark eye, which rested on Smith, flashed with indignant contempt, as he answered, "that is probably known only to a villain—and his God."

"And that villain is yourself, aye?" said the magistrate, "do you plead guilty, or not guilty, of having stolen this watch?"

"Though my innocence is known to Heaven and my own conscience," replied Henry, "I know that whatever I could say, would be of no avail in making it believed; I therefore yield to the law." And with an air of dignified submission, he suffered himself to be led away to prison.

It would be in vain to attempt any description of Henry's feelings at finding his character and his hopes of Julia thus blasted. The same warmth of imagination that had formerly made his hopes so brilliant, now served only

to give a deeper shade to his despair. His consciousness of innocence would have supported him under the mere circumstance of personal imprisonment; but this, in his estimation, was nothing to being considered a thief not only by the world at large, but by those few, whose opinion he valued more than that of all the world beside. Though he had a high idea of the judicature of his country yet he felt certain that the artful villany of his enemy could not be detected; and in his despondency, he feared that even Julia, deceived by the strong appearances against him, would believe him criminal; and he felt that if her mind had once admitted a suspicion of his guilt; his word (the only proof of his innocence) would have no power to remove it. "And even if she should be convinced of my innocence," said he, "I love her too well to permit her to disgrace herself by a union with one who has been convicted and punished for so base a crime as that of which I am accused."

He soon after wrote to his friends at A. a brief and incoherent account of what had befallen him. \* \* \* \* \*

It was the second night of Henry's imprisonment, and he had neither slept nor tasted food, but had sat in one position, his eyes fixed on vacancy and apparently wrapped in apathy; but though

"Calm without, as is the brow of death,  
Yet busy worms were gnawing underneath."

In those few hours, he had suffered as much as the human mind can bear, and he felt himself on the verge of insanity. But the feelings with which he expected it, partook more of hope than fear. His mind, he thought, could for the future, be only a source of misery to him;—if he looked back, the memory of joys that were past forever, filled him with the most poignant regret;—if he looked forward, he turned shuddering from the gloomy prospect before him. "Never Julia" cried he, "will I present myself before thee, while in the eye of the world and thine, I am a base thief;—I will wander through the world cherishing thy image in my heart, while mine will be torn from thy breast as that of a vile criminal!" He wildly pressed his hands to his burning brow, as he said, "Why, Reason dost thou linger here to torment me with thy hateful light? Begone! and leave me to the bliss of unconsciousness." The next instant, Henry thought that his prayer was granted; for he heard, or imagined he heard, the lock of his prison door slowly turned and looking up, he saw before him a female form which might pass for the personification of beauty. Her cheek was like "monumental alabaster," all but a small bright spot of hectic glow, and her eye sparkled with an unearthly light.

Henry feared to speak or move lest the vision should pass away, but he thought "if such be the dreams of delirium, may I never awaken to reason!" The form stood motionless for a few moments, and then said, "fly

Henry! fly! your keeper has relented and you are at liberty!"

Henry, awakened from his stupor by this speech, said, "Vision of the absent Julia, approach! let me gaze on the phantom, as I never more shall gaze on the reality!" "No phantom is here," replied she, "but Julia herself, come at the risk of more than life—of reputation, to deliver you from unjust imprisonment." "Can it then be that you believe it unjust?—can you see my innocence through the thick veil which artful malice has thrown around it?" "Yes," replied Julia, "should the world unite in declaring you guilty of a base action, I would stand forth in the face of Heaven and Earth and swear to your innocence."

All Henry's wretchedness, hitherto, had failed to draw a tear from his eye; but now that his worst fear was removed, now that he was certain of Julia's unabated love and confidence, it seemed as if the fountain of his tears was opened and they "gushed forth, at length like rain."

After Henry was somewhat calmed by weeping, he began to wonder at Julia's being there, and at her having obtained admittance to his prison. When he requested an explanation of it, she told him that when his sister had shown her his letter, she had been taken suddenly ill and carried to her chamber, where she formed a plan to liberate him; that she communicated this plan to no one but her faithful attendant, Martha, who accompanied her by night to the next village, where she took a seat in a stage-coach and soon after arrived at W. and stopped at the jail-tavern; that having discovered by whom the keys were kept she had found means (with the assistance of a considerable sum of money) to induce him to let her have them for that night.

On recalling these circumstances to her mind, Julia was no less astonished than Henry, at what she had undertaken and performed. She was naturally rather timid and had always feared the censure of the world as a great evil; but so much was her mind now absorbed by the one object in view, that she would not have tho't even of concealing her journey, but for the entreaties of Martha. This faithful girl, after having in vain, attempted to turn her mistress from her rash enterprize, had impressed upon her the necessity of prudence, not only to the preservation of an untainted name, but to the success of her present undertaking. She provided her with some of her own clothes and a thick veil and after having seen her safe in the stage-coach returned home and pretended that she had been to the physician and that he had recommended that Miss Fitzalan should be kept perfectly quiet for some days, and upon this pretext, she excluded the rest of the family from her mistress' chamber.

Henry, who had acquired considerable knowledge of the world, was much more surprised than Julia was, at her success with the

keeper of the keys. This young man (whose name was Williams) was such a character as is seldom found in his rank of life. He was particularly ill-suited to his employment, for he was guided by feeling more than by reflection, principle or interest, and though he had accepted Julia's gold, it was not his chief inducement to granting her request. He had deeply partaken of the general interest in Henry's imprisonment and had always felt a sort of intuitive belief in his innocence. With his mind thus predisposed toward his prisoner, Williams found it impossible to resist the tears and entreaties of so beautiful a creature as Julia, and he delivered to her the keys, which she desired, expressing, at the same time, his trust in her not betraying him.

After Julia had given Henry a brief account of her journey she reminded him of the danger of delaying his flight and urged him to commence it immediately. Henry was silent for a few moments and appeared to be repressing his feelings. He then said with considerable firmness of manner, though a slightly tremulous voice, "Julia, if you were in a state to reason calmly, you would never tempt me to become a base fugitive—a recreant violator of my country's laws. Even if I should effect an escape, what should I gain by it?—I could not return to A. I should certainly be followed and brought back to severer and more deserved imprisonment. I should be deprived, even of the support of a pure conscience. If all others think me guilty, it is the more important that I know myself to be innocent. My only chance of future happiness is in awaiting a trial and having my character cleared; the avenger of fraud—the God of the oppressed will, perhaps, deign to employ some means to discover the truth.—Should I now attempt an escape, it would probably be discovered in a few hours, and perhaps your assistance would be made known to an ill-natured world. O Julia! if your untainted reputation should receive the slightest spot, through my means, it would cause me more misery than all else that the malice of man can invent. O leave me—return to your father's house and leave me—to solitude—to wretchedness!—But, no, I can never be wretched while I have this night to think of! Be my future fate what it may—imprisonment, shame, or death itself, I shall remember this proof of Julia's self-forgetting love, and be happy!"

Before Julia had time or power to reply, Williams came to the door and said, "The day begins to dawn, Madam, you cannot remain here longer without danger of discovery." Henry and Julia parted in silence—their hearts were too full for utterance. The former, completely exhausted by the violence he had done to his feelings, sunk on his hard bed and the first time for a long time he enjoyed

"Kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Julia, the next night, took her seat again in the stage-coach, and when it stopped at the

village near A. she found Martha waiting for her in a small grove. They walk'd home without any accident and reached Julia's chamber undiscovered. \* \* \*

At length the day arrived for Henry's trial. The evidence against him was clear and decisive. The magistrate and a number who were with him, swore that they found the watch in Stewart's trunk and a watchmaker swore that it was the identical watch he had sold to Smith a few weeks before.

The jury could not entertain a doubt of the prisoner's guilt, and though some of them wished it might be otherwise, each had determined on the verdict, when a new witness entered the court. This was Mary Benson, a servant of the boarding-house. She deposed that she was in Mr. Stewart's room, for the purpose of sweeping it, and happened to be in a closet when Mr. Smith entered the room, and feeling some curiosity to know what he came for, she kept still and looking through the key-hole, she saw him open Mr. Stewart's trunk and put a watch into it; and as he left the room she heard him mutter to himself, "There, I guess that hateful fellow is caught now, for all his cunning." The judge inquired if there had been any enmity between Smith and the prisoner? He was answered by a number of their fellow-boarders, that Smith had for some time appeared to have a spite towards Stewart, though they had never perceived that Stewart had any towards him. In short, the evidence was now more complete against Smith, than it had been before against Henry, and the latter was fully acquitted. This sudden joy, after all his sufferings was too much for him and he fell senseless on the floor. When he recovered, he found himself upon his bed, in the boarding-house, with Mr. Fitzalan by his side. He had gone to Boston on business, a few days before Henry's letter was received at A. and had but just returned. He came to W. with the intention of being present at Henry's trial, but had arrived too late: He told Henry that he never intended to defer his marriage until he had gained a fortune;—he knew that this was next to an impossibility, and he also knew that Julia would have enough for both; but he had long since resolved to make that trial of all who wished to marry his daughter, that he might ascertain whether they thought most of her, or her money. "And you, my dear Henry," continued he, "have proved that you love *her*; yes you have proved it better than ever a knight errant could by storming enchanted castles and killing dragons and giants. You deserve her, and you shall have her." Henry's eyes spoke his feelings, though his lips were silent.—he knew that words could not do justice to them.

Henry Stewart is now an extensive merchant in one of our large towns, and Williams, who has married the faithful Martha, is in partnership with him.

EMMA.

## THE EXECUTION.

(Continued.)

"It was in the winter of 18—, that my brother Edward arrived in the steam-boat at New-Orleans, from Virginia—that land from whence he turned his sorrowful feet—where our joyous and halcyon days of childhood passed away. When he had arranged his affairs at his boarding-house, he was on the point of walking to the law-office of Monsieur Eugene M——, a celebrated barrister of that city, with letters of introduction, (as he intended to commence the reading of the law with him the next morning,) when a play-bill of the New-Orleans theatre was handed him by a runner. The play was "Richard III." with the after-piece of the "Poor Soldier." He immediately turned his footsteps thitherward, anxious to procure a seat in the box, as the house might be crowded. It was nearly eight o'clock when he arrived; the play had commenced; and part of the first act had already been performed. His appearance was ever prepossessing—and as he entered the house a gentleman arose in his box, and beckoned him in. Never shall I forget his passionate description of this happy evening. Alas!—his will soon be the evening of death—the sepulchre his couch of rest—and the sombrous mantle of oblivion his gloomy pall!—The box was full; and the interest of the play prevented any particular notice of its occupants. It was at the third scene of the fourth act, where Tyrrell describes "that arch deed of piteous massacre;" the unhallowed murder of the "gentle babes," that he heard a faint sigh near him. He looked around, and beheld a form and face of the most perfect beauty. It was a young lady, apparently about seventeen—a cashmere shawl was folded carelessly about a dress of the purest white satin; a rich blue zone buckled in front, with a diamond of great value, which secured a gold chain that was pendant from her alabaster neck, enclosed a waist delicate as that of a fairy; her head rested gracefully on her iily hand; a few bright chesnut curls had partly strayed over it; and while her attentive look was fixed upon the speaker, a tear trembled in her mild blue eye. As Edward turned, he met her tearful and pensive glance. An emotion thrilled through his soul indescribable and overpowering—the blood rushed to his brow, and he hid his face with his handkerchief.

"His moments of sleep were that night few and transient. His spirit was filled with the purest emotions—he had met the *beau ideal* of his fancy, and he was determined to find where that being dwelt, feeling assured within himself that there would be no peace for him on earth, so completely had the charm of sympathy and affection been infused into his bosom, until he found her whom he already loved with all the fervour of a first, holy, and overwhelming passion.

In the morning he carried his letters to Monsieur Eugene M——, and was introduced into the sitting-room by a son of that gentleman. How shall I describe his emotions, when on entering the room he observed the lovely girl, who on the preceding evening, had so absorbed all his thoughts. She immediately retired—a glance was exchanged—she blushed as she withdrew, seeming to the overjoyed Edward more surpassingly beautiful than ever. He was urged to tarry at breakfast—the young lady returned and he was introduced by her father to Antoinette M——.

“Oh, could this lonely hour, and my desolate feelings permit, I would describe their growing attachment—I would tell you how his holy and ardent idolatry was received by that gentle being, of the many proofs of her constancy and affection to one while other more powerful and wealthy wooers surrounded her—how she turned from them all, clinging unto him with all the ardour of her first and purest regard! But how have the rosy pinions of love been drenched in the tempest of affliction—how has the sky of a blessed earthly lot been darkened, and the clouds and the whirlwind of disappointment been gathered around their pathway of flowers! But I am wandering—let me proceed to the catastrophe.

“Among the few students of Monsieur M—— was a young man of the name of George Waldgrave; of a fiery and impetuous temper, who cloaked the darkness of his heart like a whited sepulchre, by appearing to be beautiful outward, while *within*, his bosom was rankling with malice and deceit. He read in the office with Edward, and they lodged at the same hotel together. My brother bore from him many insults, not too open and direct, and affected not to understand many unjust accusations, contained in sly and unprovoked *double entendres*. Finally, Edward won his respect, but he knew him too well to confide in him a single dear emotion of his heart, or reveal to him a single thought, which he was not willing should be proclaimed upon the house-tops. The secret of his affection for Antoinette, he most studiously concealed—indeed, it was never the case, that they were both at the same time in her presence; but a very little observation convinced him that Waldgrave was deeply engaged in winning her attention to himself.

“It was early in the afternoon of a beautiful day in the beginning of September, that Waldgrave rushed into the apartment where my brother was reading, in a singularly wild and incoherent manner. A cloud of passion lowered upon his brow, and his lip curled as if in anger while the fire of the infernal pit seemed flashing from his eye. He snatched up a volume of Metastasio's Odes, which lay upon the table, he threw it down, and, with folded arms arose and paced the floor.

“‘La Fontine!’ said he, after a long silence ‘there is one thing by heaven, which does not

precisely suit me—I wonder,’ he continued, ‘if you can take charge of a small secret—if you can, I will give you one to keep during your natural life—*provided nevertheless*, that you impart it to no one on any consideration—nay,’ observing Edward in the act to speak—‘no excuse—you may pledge yourself or not, as you choose—but there is a young gentleman in town from Paris, he has called at Monsieur M's to-day, and he is so confused in the presence of Antoinette, that it is a great effort for him to speak but he gestures like a true Parisian. He is in love up to his neck at first sight—I marked it too plainly—and Antoinette was as courteous towards him, on the very first interview, as she had been to me after our long acquaintance and the many attentions I have shown her. The chevalier is a distant relation of the family; and Antoinette's form and face almost struck him dumb. I was present at the introduction—he was a perfect counterpart of that picture of Admiration with Astonishment, in the Juvenile Laver of Le Brun. He thinks of spending the winter in town, and you and I can retire from Antoinette's drawing room for that season. The manifest disorder of his countenance at the onset of his *debut* savours of a most tumultuous bosom—and, by heaven—hear me, Edward—by heaven—that bosom shall be *cold* before I am supplanted. You know my endeavours have always been directed that way—and what I have mentioned shall be the fate of a rival. We are friends—herein the secret lies—do you note that?’

“Edward made no promise of secrecy—and he turned from him with horror.

“‘Waldgrave,’ he replied, ‘I will believe you are too honourable to commit any violence unworthy the character of a gentleman, in relation to the chevalier to whom you have alluded. I have no desire to mention what you have remarked to me, knowing, as I do, that it would be a long and dark mark against you. We are now friends, and I would entreat you not to let a torrent of jealous and unholy passion arise and smother your better reason.’

“Waldgrave retired muttering something which Edward did not distinctly hear.

“As the afternoon arrived, a servant of Monsieur M—— appeared with a billet from Antoinette, desiring Edward's company at tea, precisely at six o'clock. He attended and was introduced by his amiable mistress to the Chevalier Rochfield, a young gentleman of the most accomplished manners and urbane deportment. The evening passed in a very delightful manner, and the beautiful Antoinette was all vivacity. The chevalier sighed as the hour of nine drew nigh—and left the house with Edward.

“I must be brief. A strong friendship grew daily between my brother and the chevalier—he made known his whole soul to Edward—he dwelt on his passion for Antoinette,

and the respect she entertained for him, 'but,' said Rochfield, 'she has refused my attentions so frankly, that I cannot for a moment doubt but that another more blessed individual is the object of her love—indeed she told me so. I shall not tarry so long in New-Orleans as I had intended. I shall sail the next packet on my return to France. But absence will only render her more dear.'

"In the meanwhile Waldgrave was sullen and taciturn. He said little to Edward, although they read in the same office, and he was wont to be garrulous to a fault. About the close of last month, he announced his intention of leaving New-Orleans for New-York the next day—he said he had been in miserable health ever since he had been in town, and was sensible that the climate of Louisiana was not agreeable to his constitution. He settled all his affairs, and took passage as was supposed, on the twenty-eighth of September, in the packet for New-York. He parted with Edward in smiles. 'I am not sure,' he said, at parting, 'but I may take a trip to Europe when I arrive at my place of destination. Perhaps the gay chevalier and myself may take a turn on the boulevards together. Improved health however may cause my speedy return to this city. You know I have a loadstone of delight in this quarter.'

"It was on the evening of the twenty-ninth as Edward was crossing a street connected with the one leading to his hotel, that a gentleman passed him, wrapped in a dark cloak, and the light from the shops and lamps enabled him to discover something gleaming beneath its folds.—He turned to look again—the man passed on hastily, and turning an abrupt corner, was in a moment out of sight. As he turned from the street, a chuckling laugh was heard, which Edward instantly recognized to be that of Waldgrave! He thought the packet had not sailed, and that consequently Waldgrave was still in town, waiting for a breeze. Edward was on his way to his hotel, where he had promised to meet the chevalier Rochfield, as they had an engagement to call that evening upon the family of Monsieur M——. While they were on their way thither, the Chevalier expressed himself in the most passionate manner in regard to his separation from her who alone occupied his thoughts. He requested that Edward should take his leave a few moments before him, that he might once more breathe out his attachment, and receive a final and decisive answer. 'My doom will be supportable,' said he, 'if it is from her lips that I receive it.'

"The evening glided away on the wings of love—and O, how sweetly doth its hours pass away! At half past eight Edward left the house—he was somewhat dejected, and sought his hotel and his bed.

"It was about twelve o'clock when he awoke—he opened his eyes, and fancied he heard a rustling of the curtains. He arose in

bed, and at that moment the door of his room opened, and a hasty step was heard descending the stairs. Thinking it might be the host or some traveller who had mistaken his room he arose, fastened the door, and sunk again in slumber.

"He was dreaming of his Antoinnette, when the striking of a clock, announcing the hour of *one*, aroused him from his vision—a high wind was moaning at the casement and in the pauses of the blast, he fancied he distinguished the cry of *murder*!—He arose and sought the window—torches were moving in all directions in the street, and shining with inconstant light on the tall shadowy buildings, and their ballustrades on the opposite side of the way—and all things evinced that something of unusual excitement was passing. He had scarce time to dress before a loud and hurried knocking was heard at his door. It was opened and a crowd of officers and citizens rushed in, and the foremost, presenting a pistol to his breast, bade him surrender himself as a prisoner. 'The four hours' search shall not be in vain,' said the leader—'officers search the room.'

"The unfortunate Edward turned pale with astonishment, and with a trembling voice, inquired for what he was arrested?

(Concluded in our next.)

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

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### RAPIDITY OF TIME.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons we once knew; the scenes in which we once were actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy, rejoicing in the gaiety of his soul—the wheels of time cannot move too rapidly for him; the light of hope dances in his eye, the smiles of expectation play upon his lip, he looks forward to long years of joy to come, his spirit burnt within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again—he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped its wrinkles upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance, he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility—each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers that the season of youth, when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged locks? His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly towards the tomb—he looks back upon the past—his days appear to have been few and he confesses that they

were evil—the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth, folly; he considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one and disappointment end the other; the world presents little to attract and nothing to delight him; still, however, he would linger in it, still he would lengthen out his days, though of “beauties bloom,” of “fancy’s feast,” of music’s breath, he is forced to exclaim, “I have no pleasure in them.” A few years of infirmity and pain, must confine him to idleness or the grave—yet this was the gay, the generous, the high souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewn with flowers without a thorn. Such is human life—but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

### THE MECHANICK

We have more than once had our indignation roused against a certain class of community, who affect to despise that portion of their neighbours who obtain an honest livelihood in mechanical powers. We have known many worthy young men mortified and pained to the heart, by the unceremonious and purse-proud haughtiness of their superiors—in wealth and impudence only—crowded into the back ground to give place to idlers, and gentlemen at large merely because they happen to be vulgar enough to choose industry, rather than idleness and dependence. But let not the mechanick relax his praise-worthy exertions. He can give back the sneer of the conceited fop with interest. He can stand in the strength of an independent spirit—in the proud sense of the superiority of real worth over tinsel and borrowed ornament. He fills an honest place in society, and it is time the true merit of his services was appreciated. It is time for republican America to cast off those fetters of prejudice, forged by the aristocracy of the old world, and awake to her peculiar legitimate interest. The industrious mechanick may be ranked among her firmest supporters, and the time is not far distant when he shall be placed in his just station in the scale of society.

*Anecdote.*—A singular sort of a man, not twenty miles from here, sent for a magistrate to write his will. After mentioning a number of bequests, he went on—“Item, I give and bequeath to my beloved brother Zack, one thousand dollars.” “Why you are not worth half that sum in the world,” interrupted the magistrate. “Well, no matter if I an’t,” replied the other, “it’s my will that brother Zack should have that sum, and he may work and get it, if he’s a mind to.”

*A Friend in Need.*—At Gateshead, one evening last week, a man was seen deliberately boring a hole with a gimblet in the door of the lock-up house. The curiosity of the passengers was excited, many of whom stopped to see the result. They were not kept long in

suspense. When he had bored through the door, he withdrew the gimblet, and introduced the stem of a tobacco pipe, and having filled the bowl with the best tobacco, he applied a light to it, when it was quickly perceived that he had performed the operation for the benefit of a *fast* friend inside, who, in this way, enjoyed the luxury of his pipe, which, but for the ingenious contrivance of his friend in need, he must have staid without.—*Eng. Paper.*

The father of a boy who was too fond of bed, coming into his chamber one morning, said “Why don’t you get up, the sun has been up three hours!” “So would your son have been,” replied the boy, “if he had as many miles to travel.”

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1829.

Persons residing at a distance and wishing to subscribe for the Repository, are informed that postmasters generally will act as agents for the same, and that by applying to them, their wishes can be made known to the publisher and the amount of subscriptions forwarded free of expense—all orders for papers will be thankfully received and promptly attended to.

*Fire in Athens.*—A fire broke out on Friday night, the 12th inst. about half past 12 o’clock, in the upper village of Athens, opposite this city. It originated in the two story dwelling house, owned by the widow Gertrude Smith, occupied by Daniel Delana and two other families, and was occasioned, as we understand, by a portable furnace which had been used in the garret. Before the flames could be arrested the following buildings were consumed:—

The widow Smith’s two story house and store.—The house occupied by Daniel Delana, Reuben Botsford and the widow Delana. These two houses were insured for \$2000.—The house and store of Henry White, not insured.—The two story house owned by Dr. Alexander H. Smith, and occupied by Mr. Van Bramer. This building was insured for \$500. The loss of property is supposed to be from 5 to 8,000 dollars.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on Saturday the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Isaac Rose, to Mrs. Minerva Savage. At East Cambridge, William W. Wheildon, Editor of the Bunker Hill Aurora, to Miss Juliet R. Gleason.

At Hillsdale, Columbia co. on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, David L. Farnham, Esq. of Enosburgh, Vt. to Miss Hannah Collins, daughter of Mr. David Collins.

In Batavia, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joseph Elliott, the Rev. John R. Dodge, pastor of the first Baptist Church at Brockport, to Miss Harriet M. Winchester.

### DIED,

At Athens, on the 4th inst. Mr. Caleb Coffin, in the 51st year of his age.

On Wednesday evening the 3d inst. Elizabeth S. Livingston, wife of Edward P. Livingston, Esq. of Clermont, and eldest daughter of the late Chancellor Livingston.

In Hamilton, Butler County, Ohio, on Thursday the 19th ult. Captain John Cleves Symms extensively known as the author of the Theory of Open Poles and Concentric Spheres.

At Niskayuna, on May last, Mr. Daniel Catchum, formerly of Connecticut, in the 82d year of his age.



### ORIGINAL POETRY.

To a gentleman of Lanesborough, Berkshire co. Mass. the writer of the following poem, the committee awarded the second premium, a set of Sturm's Reflections bound and gilt.

#### CHRIST STILLING THE WAVES.

*"And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, 'peace, be still.'"*

Calm and serene the sun had set that day.  
A pleasing quiet lay upon the deep,  
And pendant in the brilliant occident,  
Hung lazily the golden, fleecy clouds.  
It seemed, so noiseless was the breathless still,  
That nature, by her own deep charms enthralled,  
Lingered, unwilling to eclipse her beauties.  
And now the Saviour, and his little crew,  
Launched out, and with their fragile bark, slowly  
Broke the sleeping calmness of the waters.  
Deep buried in a tranquil, placid rest,  
The Saviour slept.

Hark! the horrid crash,  
The hurried winds, the angry tempests' war!  
Darkness, and pitchy blackness veiled the sky,  
And deep-toned thunders echoed from afar,  
And lightnings, fitful, glared amid the gloom,  
And the tempest-car, onward, and onward,  
Rolled, with new increasing horror.  
Where was the dreamy quiet of the sea?  
Banished—and agitation, deep and wild,  
Outspread, hung o'er the lurid waters;  
And billow, was on billow piled, high swelling,  
Till rolling mountains, in strange concert joined,  
Held dalliance wild upon the troubled deep,  
Now lashing Heaven, now Acheron profound.  
Now tossed, and like a very bubble thrown,  
And struggling with unequal strength, the ship,  
Creaked, and bent, and filled, well nigh to sinking,  
Almost engulfed within the horrid wave.  
Darkness ruled the hour—and dismal horror,  
And wild affright, and consternation dire,  
Sat sovereigns o'er the dark, terrific scene!  
Yet slumbering still, in undisturbed repose,  
And sweet serenity, the Saviour lay.  
But the crew, how were their senses staggered!  
Transfixed with fear, pale and trembling, they stood,  
And of all their strength unnerved and manhood,  
Clung faintly as to a desperate hope,  
Around the unmanaged, shattered vessel.  
And now hastening, their sleeping Lord they woke,  
For mercy called, and not in vain they called.  
Arising, he all undisturbed, surveyed  
The war of elements, in fury raging.  
"PEACE, BE STILL!" He waved his uplifted arm,  
And backward sped the wave, and ceased the wind,  
And the bellowing thunders, in distant  
Murmurs died—and the lightnings blazed no more,  
And the thick shroud, that veiled the deep blue sky,  
Was rent, and wildly torn in sunder,  
And darkness, and horror quick departed,  
And the moon, and the glittering orbs of Heav'n  
Refitted with their late shorn beams, poured forth  
Upon the new-made stillness, their mellow  
Brilliance—and again the snow-white cloud  
Rode calmly æromantic thro' the air,  
While the new-fallen moon-beams, sparkling bright,  
Lay, imperaled on the unruffled surface  
Of the mirrored sea—and deep reflection,

Pictured on it translucent bosom  
The jeweled stars, and mimicked Heaven.  
'Twas calm, 'twas quiet there—and far outspread  
O'er all things, a deep-laid, holy silence  
Rested The playful zephyr softly breathed,  
Yet timid, as if fearful that it breathed  
Too hoarsely—and there was heard the hushed  
Yet melting voice of prayer and wonder—  
Nought harsher durst, presumptuous, intrude,  
For 'twas the power Omnipotent that spoke!

OSMAR.

#### PROSPECT HILL, HUDSON.

Raised up between the earth and sky,  
I seem to tread enchanted ground,  
And in the vision I descry,  
Enraptur'd from this little mound,  
Where yon Blue Mountains stretch their course  
And upwards rise sublime on high,  
Whose rugged sides, like nature's fort,  
Evade the lightnings of the sky.  
There bounds the sight; but close beneath,  
Fair Hudson, commerce's delight,  
Fanned by the summer zephyr's breath,  
Has bared her breast to mortal sight.  
How grandly stirs the living scene!  
For art and nature have combined  
To turn the rapid forcing wheel  
Or fill the hoisted sails with wind.  
With hills and groves and fields of green  
And Hudson's rich commercial mart,  
Oh! who can view the fairy scene  
And feel no impulse of the heart!  
From Prospect Hill 'tis grand to view  
The works of Nature thronged with Art,  
But grander still when viewed with thee,  
My friend, and dearer to my heart. SHABFINCH.

#### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—A Hog'shead.

PUZZLE II.—Take nine from six, is less by three,  
And ten (X) from nine (IX) one more there'll be,  
Fifty (L) from forty (XL) ten remain,  
Take four from ten, the answer 's plain.  
Or thus:—SIX IX XL.  
S I X—6 remains.

Quiz bids you also this explore,

Why more makes less and less makes more!!

#### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Since Diogenes' time, I'm the best habitation  
That e'er was contriv'd by a civiliz'd nation;  
Yet thro' regions so distant no mortal e'er strolls  
For I visit all nations between the two poles.

II.

Which is the oldest tree in America?

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